

A Universe Embattled

by Jake Skywalker

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Summary: A massive crossover fic which is based around the Halo Universe, where the HCovenant battle the PPredators over active camo, the SWImperials fight back the STFederation and R2D2 and Cortana argue over blueberry pie.

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Disclaimer: I do not own Halo, Predator, Star Wars, Star Trek, or any other fandom that may accidentally pop into the story.

Leeran Lingateumee watched the ships with a mixture of emotions on his face. Fear, disgust, caution, and more. The near invisible trails of ionization speckled the stars, causing the space around the city of High Charity to shimmer.

A low hum of repulsors alerted him of another's presence into the Observatory. The distinct smell told him what his eyes could not.

A Prophet. Truth.

He did not move from his post, pretending that he had not known that a Hierarch had entered the room. A bit of humility would not be undue to Truth.

The hum grew nearer and finally stopped, as Truth drew up next to him and was silent for a few seconds, watching the ships

"The Council's decision was final. The Covenant will not bow down to theseâ€¦aliens. No matter what gifts they may bring."

Leeran reacted with such swiftness he seemed a blur. Before Truth knew it, the High Councillor of the Covenant was kneeling before him.

The Prophet waved his gnarled hand lazily.

"I am hardly the one to discourage servitude and tradition, but there is too much happening for us to waste time."

Leeran got to his feet as the Prophet turned back to the viewscreen. Leeran endured a few seconds of respectful silence before speaking.

"If I may ask my lord â€" "

Truth cut him off with another wave of his hand.

"As to why you were not present at the Council? Or even as to what happened with the alien delegation?" The Hierarch paused haughtily. "Or are you simply wondering what is the status of the alien gift?" Truth laughed mockingly. "Your warrior days are long gone my friend."

Leeran stiffened, age-old instincts screaming out for the immediate throttling of the twisted evil disgusting monster next to him. He paused, controlling his emotions.

"I know that well my lord, which is why I chose to serve the Covenant in whatever other way I could to further the Great â€" "

Truth cut him off with another disdainful wave.

"Spare me the history, you're worse than those simpering relics Disdain and his lapdog Supposition."

Leeran Lingateumee paused again, hate and rage boiling up in him.

"I apologise my lord."

Truth ignored him for a while, content with gazing upon the backdrop of High Charity, it's lights glistening like the stars far above it. In the distance, the alien ships were entering slipspace.

"Look at her, is she not wonderful?" he asked gesturing at the orbiting holy city.

Leeran maintained silence. He had learned through hard experience that prophets often enjoyed raving on about many things, including their greatness and superiority. Truth was one of the few, indeed the only Prophet who had bothered to personally know him. Leeran knew it was simply political, he was the Sangheili who had the backing of all in the Council, it would have been foolish of Truth to ignore such an ally. But that knowledge did not lower his sense of pride or disgust.

The Hierarch sighed theatrically.

"The aliens were arrogant and proud. They do not understand our Great Journey and are a sacrilege. They know nothing of the Forerunners nor can they be bothered to. The sole reason why they were not cut down as they stand was simple." The Prophet turned to stare into Leeran's faceplate. "The Council has claimed it was simply nobility that we should not strike down those who had bestowed such gifts upon us. But I saw the _fear _in their eyes. These aliens are a threat to the Great Journey, and had I my way they would be dead."

There was a sparkle as the last of the alien ships entered slipspace and disappeared from the starry void.

"If I may, my lord, what did they want?" Leeran asked.

Truth heaved another sigh.

"I do not know, yes, you may express surprise, but at the most I can only fathom what they plan." Truth did what could pass as a twisted smile up at Leeran. "They wanted us to join them. Us! The Holy and Righteous Covenant to join them on their blasted never ceasing hunt!" Truth raved on a while, during which time Leeran observed the maddened Hierarch. After some time, Truth calmed down and started speaking in even tones once more.

"Even the Council is not so stupid as to accede to their demands. So in the end they settled with us not interfering with them. As a token, they bequeathed us with their gift of invisibility."

Truth waved once more, this time not towards Leeran, but to a panel on the under side of his carriage. It winked and slid open in a cloud of mist, revealing something indistinct.

"My lord â€" " Leeran began, not knowing what to finish it with. The fog cleared away and the panel shimmered out of visibility, leaving a faint outline of it.

With startling swiftness to match Leeran's, Truth seized the device and clapped it onto the Sangheili's war suit.

Before Leeran could respond, he too, disappeared from the casual eye. He raised an arm up to his eye, admiring the deck plate through his hand.

"The Arbiter's will certainly need suchâ€|gifts." Leeran said. Truth nodded with the air of one who has already thought of the idea.

"Indeed they will, even those in the Mausoleum don't you think?" The Prophet said, with a sly glint in his eye.

"The Mausoleum? But they are â€"" Truth cut him off for what Leeran swore under his breath would be the last time.

"Heroes of the Covenant who benefited from these glorious devices _our _scientists developed." Truth said, as his namesake dawned on Leeran. "Only the Council knows fully of these aliens, and though some others may speculateâ€|" Truth paused imperiously. "I'm certain our secret will be kept safe." He said, sliding the device back into the panel and closing it.

"Come, since you brought it up, I think it's time we paid a visit to the Mausoleum toâ€|" Truth swilled the words around in his mouth like some filthy drink. "Pay our respects."

He rested a scaly hand on Leeran in some mocking of a salute before gliding out on his anti-gravity pads, leaving the Elite standing in the doorway feeling as though he had just participated in a conspiracy without knowing it.

After he was certain that Truth was gone, he headed for the Mausoleum.

As the door shut behind him, he did not hear the thud in the bottom levels of the engines as a door was blasted apart, nor the scream as an Unggoy was cut down with a flickering invisible spear. Nor the high pitch whine of another door being blasted open.

Oh no, he was in the Mausoleum, where he was supposed to be.

End
file.